VOL. I.—No. 17. MANCHESTER, Saturday, November 14, 1868. Price One Penny.

"He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair."
DRYDEN.

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A MANCHESTER HOME-TRADE WAREHOUSE.

TO begin with the exterior. The one we have selected for our notice belongs to that period in Manchester warehouse architecture intermediate between the primitive simplicity of the Cannon-street order, with its cramped dens of dingy bricks, and the modern florid decorated style of palatial Portland-street. It was built by men who were too shrewd to lock up their capital in needless ornament, and who thought it was sufficient for business purposes to erect a building of brick and stone, which should be commodious and useful, without being ugly. We are inclined to commend this shrewdness, and to believe Mr. Ruskin is right when he says that "you must not mix ornament with business any more than you may mix play;" and that customers should not be baited to warehouses as moths are to a candle, but should be attracted by honest dealing and right wares. Passing through the plain stone doorway, you find yourself in the close neighbourhood of ledgers, day-books, and all the paraphernalia of a counting-house. As you survey the little army of clerks, wielding their pens, and going through their monotonous daily drudgery, you may feel inclined to exclaim with Tennyson:—

> Oh, who would cast and balance at a desk,
> Perched, like a crow, upon a three-legg'd stool,
> Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints
> Are full of chalk?

But a merchant's office is no place for poetical sentiment, and it had, therefore, better be withheld. On reflection, you will perceive why the counting-house is the first department in the house. As the ancients caused the way to the temple of honour to lie through that of virtue, so the way to honourable dealing in this temple of commerce is made to pass through the outer court of established credit. Everyone who wishes to buy in the house on credit must pass the Rubicon of the private office; but though the inscription "Porta patens esto nulli clandaris honesto," which we find over the front of one warehouse, is the motto of every trader, yet rogues, as well as honest men, too often manage to slip through the open door. The counting-house, too, stands in the relation of a bank to the rest of the warehouse. It represents the capital which is entrusted to the managers or buyers of the separate departments, who are charged interest for it, and held responsible for its right use. A separate account is kept with each of these departments, and they are estimated according to their own merits. As the counting-house deals with money as the other departments do with goods, it is required to make a profit according to the relative value of money to goods in the market. On the same floor with the offices are the entering and packing departments, where the goods are collected, invoiced, packed, and delivered to the carriers.

A broad staircase leads to the goods departments up stairs. Standing at ease, in a leisurely way, at the head of the staircase, and apparently waiting an arrival, there may be seen a couple of gentlemen who are worthy of notice. The one with the look of an ancient Briton is the Welch guide and interpreter, indispensible as cicerone to the customers from the Principality, whose knowledge of Anglo-Saxon may be limited. The other is unmistakeably a Hibernian, with a rich brogue in his speech and a happy style of address, which finds favour with his friends from the sister isle. Entering the departments, you perceive that the warehouse is divided into sections, each of which is made, as far as possible, fire-proof, and insured separately. Costly piles of merchandise of all fabrics—silk, cotton, wool, and shoddy—are heaped about in rich profusion, and you begin to have an impression of the immense capital employed in such a business as you gaze along the interminable rows of piled-up goods, through which you may wander in dreary amazement until you are lost. Each of these departments has its buyer, salesmen, and junior apprentices. The buyer is responsible for the right management of his own department, and is generally one who has risen through the grades of junior and salesman in it. His position as a servant is the best in the house; he enjoys the familiar confidence of the principals, occasionally having the privilege of dining with them and discussing business "across the walnuts and the wine." A certain portion of capital is allotted to him, and, in addition to a knowledge of markets and of the goods he deals in, he should have some financial skill to deal with this capital. He is, however, always under the scrutiny of the principals, who, by means of an elaborate system of checks and figures, can tell exactly each week how much he has bought and sold, together with the amount of his stock. When the goods he deals in are manufactured at a distance, he is required to visit the markets for them, and has in some cases to extend his journeys to France, Switzerland, and Germany. The home-trade buyer does not go on 'Change, but is waited upon by agents and manufacturers. The early hours of the morning are chosen for holding this levee. Samples, patterns, and prices are submitted to him and compared, and he is subjected to no small amount of temptation in the way of bribes and secret commissions, and in all cases has not the moral courage to resist these fraudulent overtures.

Next in importance to the buyers are the salesmen, gentlemen who, when not occupied otherwise, may be recognised by a certain disposition to

> Wash their hands with invisible soap
> In imperceptible water.

The first salesman, like the first fiddle in an orchestra, has the preference of leading off in serving a customer, and generally takes the largest buyers, leaving the small fry to his juniors. A good salesman is generally an individual who combines a knowledge of goods with a little eloquence in describing their qualities. The best test of his efficiency is to be able to sell a man goods he never meant to buy. The salesman's position is one of considerably less anxiety than the buyer. He has only to deal with the stock as it is placed in his hands, and to sell it at the price fixed by the buyer; but at stock-taking he is used as a check upon the buyer by being made responsible for the correct taking down of the stock at its true value. Formerly the salesmen were taken almost entirely from the apprentices; now they are recruited to a great extent from the retail trade, the young men in this branch of business having a great ambition to get into the wholesale.

The routine of sales will be best illustrated by following a transaction. If a customer wishes to open an account, he has first an interview with the financial partner, to whom he explains his position, and the basis upon which he wishes to rest his credit. If this is satisfactory he is shown upstairs and introduced to the salesman in the first room in which he wishes to buy. When he has completed his purchase in one department, a slip of paper is handed to him on which the salesman who has served him places his initials, and passes him on to the next department. The salesman's duty is then to report the sale, which is done by passing a note of the transaction down a tube which communicates with the entering room below. This is taken by a lad who is ready to receive it, and recorded in a book provided for the purpose. This book is open to the inspection of the principals, who can see, without going through the house, who are in it and the extent of their purchases. When the customer has finished buying, the list of departments in which he has been is handed into the entering room. Messengers are at once despatched to collect the goods and convey them downstairs to be entered, invoiced, and packed. The orders are also attended to in a like systematic manner. At half-past eight o'clock in the morning the letters are opened, and those containing orders are passed out rapidly to the entering room, where representatives from each department copy

them and proceed upstairs. The orders are then taken back into the counting house and examined leisurely and compared with the credit of those who send them. On the strength of this examination they are returned again to the entering room, with instructions to the departments to forward or not. The orders are then proceeded with, and as they are completed are sent into the entering room in the same manner as the sales. In addition to buyers, salesmen, clerks, and apprentices, each home-trade house employs travellers, who cover the United Kingdom, and who are required to report home daily the result of their labours.

This brief sketch of the economy of a home-trade house would not be complete without a reference to the salaries (or "screws" as they are termed) of the employés, and also to certain characteristics which mark them as a class. A clerk works as hard as a buyer, but the latter, with the commission usually added to his salary, will in some houses get upwards of £1,000 a year, though the average is less than half that sum, and varies from £300 to £500 a year, while the clerk, if an entering clerk, will get perhaps £60. One rule which may be laid down is that those who make transactions are better paid than those who record them. Good entering clerks at one time could get £130 per annum, now the average is about one-half that sum. This is owing to the increased facilities for acquiring the minimum amount of education necessary to perform an ordinary clerk's duties, and the consequent influx of competition in the market. Only positions of trust and responsibility in connection with counting-house work are now even tolerably well paid. This is in accordance with the law of demand and supply; the labour market in this direction is glutted, and, therefore, there is a tendency of wages to a minimum. Amongst warehousemen, buyers are best paid, because they originate transactions and deal with capital. Salesmen come next, and are paid in proportion to the amount of influence they have with customers. Among clerks, those who deal with cash are paid for their honesty as well as ability; those without responsibility, who perform the drudgery, are a large class, and receive small remuneration. Apprentices to the trade are taken for a period extending over six years, each one receiving for that time the sum of £100. The custom of taking apprentices, however, is somewhat falling into disuse.

Warehousemen and clerks are entirely innocent of any organisations like trades' unions, for the regulation of wages, or the improvement of their social condition; consequently they are never guilty of strikes. In this respect, and in others, they resemble no other class of workers so much as the agricultural labourers, though the comparison may not be flattering. Except in these two classes of workers, no others depend so little upon themselves and so much upon their employers. In both cases all efforts for their social advancement are initiated by their employers. Both agricultural labourers and warehousemen and clerks are improvident in their habits: the former because they have never had anything to save from, and consequently have never learned to save; and the latter because, having the opportunity, they seem to lack the disposition. If this is not the case, why is the spur so continually being applied by the merchants to induce their hands to support the institutions which appear to foster provident habits? There are but two of the kind in Manchester, and they are not at all appreciated to the extent they would seem to warrant. The Provident Association, which is under the patronage of their employers, has some 1,500 members, with an income of about £2,000, which is spent in assisting those who are out of employment. The Orphan Schools have an income of about £1,500, the bulk of which is subscribed by the merchants. Associations of this kind should be self-supporting, and in the hands of those whom they are intended to benefit. The character of mendicity belonging at present to the Orphan Schools, is highly discreditable to both warehousemen and clerks.

The social habits of warehousemen are expensive, and the drinking customs of the trade tend to foster them. In no class is gentility so closely allied to poverty as in this, or greater struggles made to keep up appearances that are not consistent with the income. To subscribe to Provident Associations and Orphan Schools is a good thing, but when Professor Fawcett and Mr. John Stuart Mill have adjusted the position of the agricultural labourers, perhaps it would be well if they could be induced to give these warehousemen and clerks a lesson in political or social economy, and especially in that department which relates to saving.

THE REV. T. C. FINLAYSON
OF RUSHOLME.

NOVELISTS like George Eliot and Mrs. Oliphant who have chosen to delineate certain phases of religious life and character among the Congregationalists have described their meeting houses of thirty years ago as ugly, barn-like edifices, to be found hiding themselves from public gaze in obscure yards and lanes. Such was Salem Chapel, in the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, and such the one in Meeting-house Yard to which Felix Holt occasionally repaired. Until recent years such also was the Independent Chapel in Rusholme, a small building of the ugliest kind, which hid itself in a narrow lane, inhabited mainly by elderly laundresses and other like modest people. Though it is more than two hundred years since Congregationalism first began its struggle for existence in Rusholme, it does not appear until of late to have progressed very rapidly. In the early days of its history those who maintained its principles were obliged to meet secretly at the house of a friendly squire, who had been a soldier in Cromwell's army. When it got a chapel at Platt, and liberty to worship, it lapsed into Unitarianism, whither, Churchmen tell us, all dissent infalliby tends. In later years, the fitful fever of its life was nourished in the little chapel before named, until, under the stimulating influence of a handsome grant from the Bicentenary Memorial Fund, it emerged from its obscurity, clothed in beauty, to continue more vigorously its old warfare with the Establishment.

The new chapel, which stands on the right in the front of the road to Withington, may, in its contrast with the old one, be taken as an evidence of the advance which the Congregationalists have made in the architecture and appointments of their places of worship. The present building was erected from designs by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, and is not without many claims to beauty in its architectural features. The style is free, and perhaps may be described as Romanesque. It has a spacious interior, unbroken by pillars, well lighted by lofty Norman windows, filled with stained glass arranged in tasteful geometrical designs. The effect of these coloured windows is very pleasing, but one cannot help regretting that a higher style of sacred pictorial art should still be regarded with prejudice by the Independents. The chapel has two small side galleries, the seats are comfortable open stalls, the pulpit being placed under an alcove. The general effect of the interior is somewhat chilling, which is perhaps accounted for by the lofty, unbroken area and the grey sombre tint of the walls, unrelieved by any colour except in the windows. There is a marked simplicity in the details of the building and an absence of ornament. The service, assisted by an organ and a good choir, also bears evidence of an advance upon the old forms of worship. Chants and anthems are used, and are sung with considerable taste. The congregation is not a large one, but it is gradually increasing in its numbers, and it contains a sprinkling of the well-to-do residents of the neighbourhood.

The Rev. T. C. Finlayson, whose pastorate dates from the erection of the chapel, is a gentleman who, we believe, passed his student life at St. Andrew's. Previous to entering on his ministerial duties at Rusholme, he was the pastor of an Independent congregation at Cambridge. He is apparently midway between 30 and 40 years of age, slender and somewhat youthful in appearance. Like many others of his denomination, he preaches without gown or bands. In outward aspect he is far away removed from the robust muscular Christian of the Kingsley type. The delicate face, with broad forehead, sharp features, and firm mouth, betoken the thoughtful, nervous, enthusiastic preacher. His voice is musical and softly modulated, though somewhat thin. His

manner is simple and earnest. He rarely uses any physical movement to assist his declamation, but when impassioned, he leans over his pulpit, as if appealing to his hearers. He reads well, speaks slowly, and with deliberation, only becoming rapid in his utterance when roused to special earnestness. His sermons display considerable mental power and originality. They appear to be carefully prepared, and are usually read. His logic is sharp, clear, and incisive. He impresses his hearers with the belief that his conclusions are not borrowed, but the results of severe processes of thought and investigation.

Mr. Finlayson is a type of a class of young ardent preachers in whom the imaginative faculty is predominant. There is a strong vein of poetry in his sermons, and evident traces of a close familiarity with modern poets. He frequently indulges in a Shakesperian quotation, and, when he does so, declaims with good effect. Now and then a bit of Tennyson crops out in his discourse, or a passage from Mrs. Browning. He also appears familiar with the literature of the time, and would seem desirous of carrying his theology along the lines and grooves of thought of the highest minds of the time. There is much of the earnest student about him, and power, the result of that faculty which, for want of a better term, we call insight. He does not appear favourable to doctrinal sermons, and steers wide of those theological puzzles so much delighted in by some of his sect. On this account, it has been whispered by some that he is slightly heterodox; but there always will be people who would leave

Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

When he ventures upon an exposition of the mysterious doctrines of the Christian faith, he does so in a broad, comprehensive, and intelligent manner, reminding us somewhat of the style and tone of the author of *Ecce Homo*. Of his earnestness, there can be no doubt, the preacher being fully alive to his solemn position and the importance of the life-problems he essays to solve. High flown, poetical, *couleur de rose* some of his sermons may be; but, at least, they have the merit of being serious. There is less, too, of that "vealiness" about him which too often marks young preachers. In his manner and style he is said to resemble and to imitate the Rev. A. Maclaren (who, we believe, was his fellow-student); but, as the learned Dogberry says, "comparisons are odorus;" and beyond certain little mannerisms and accidental resemblances, we see no ground for the comparison. Mr. Finlayson has sufficient individuality and force of character to rely upon his own merits for a distinctive position in the body to which he belongs, without seeking any reflected glory by the imitation of another. That he was considered worthy to support the Congregational interest in a place like Cambridge, is, in itself, a guarantee that he is somewhat more than an average preacher. We believe, though his style is florid, he is no superficial thinker. Here and there in his sermons little brightnesses peep out, like ore on the surface of the soil, indicating the existence of rich veins of thought beneath. As a lecturer, he is not unsuccessful, and has delivered a popular discourse on "The practical uses of the Imagination," performing the difficult task of blending humour with metaphysics. He is worthy of a larger congregation than he at present possesses, but, doubtless, he will prove more attractive as his merits become recognised.

THE REV. DR. BURTON AS A POET.

A CANTATA, entitled Night, words and music by the Rev. Dr. Burton, Rector of All Saints' Church, Oxford-road, was produced, for the first time, on Monday evening last, by the choir of the church. It is impossible to say anything of the character or quality of the music, as the performance was a comparative failure, owing to the absence of the two principals. The "words," however, prove that whatever claim the rector may have to the title of composer, he has none to that of poet. The sentiments are either absurdly high-flown or monotonously commonplace; the lines, for the most part, are turgid and uninteresting. Here is the first verse of a sentimental air,—for the tenor, of course:—

Let proud abition rear on high a temple to its fame
But give to me a lowly cot with one to share my name;
The trumpet's blast may marshall forth the noble and the brave,
With gentle Nora for my bride, I'm proud to be a slave.

And this is the sort of dashing bravura which the reverend doctor puts in the mouth of the unhappy baritone:—

A daring highwayman am I,
The laws of the land I defy:
I care not, I heed not, I fear no man,
Let them chase in pursuit, and catch if they can.
To the ladies I'm gentle and kind
Whenever they seem to my mind;
But woe to the man who refuses to pay,
Whenever I ask he dare not say nay.
My little Black Bess and I
Are used to the hue and cry,
But give us a start of five minutes, or less,
And the sharpest wont nab me when mounted on Bess.

THE FAMILY HERALD.

NAILED up on boards beside the news-shop doors about the town, along with the *London Journal*, the *London Reader*, *Reynolds's Miscellany*, *Bow Bells*, and papers of that class, observant passers-by will have noticed a little print bearing the name of the *Family Herald*. Classed with the *London Journal*, and similar publications, in the denunciations of energetic and vituperative divines who don't know what they are talking about, in the careless comments of bigger journals (which often know about as much as the divines), and in the vague and incorrect conversation of ordinary society, is this *Family Herald*. But, as it lies against the board to which it is affixed, its unobtrusive and plain title-page, amongst the ornamental headings and ambitious illustrations which surround it, makes a silent protest against the companionship into which its size, and price, and weekly issue force it; and its light and solid contents, when shown to Boanerges, make that eminent divine stop short in his harangue and—blow his reverend nose. It is because this little print has never—as it sometimes ruefully and naturally complains—taken its proper place in literature; because, most likely, none of our readers—except, perhaps, a few young ladies—have ever read it, and because it is so widely misappreciated and misrepresented, that we are induced to mention it in our series of notices of London papers. Although it is so generally despised, it, nevertheless, has a circulation of some 150,000 copies a-week; therefore it is by no means so insignificant as to be unworthy of remark.

The staple of its contents is, of course, what experience proves must be the staple of every periodical of the present day which is to have a wide and popular circulation—fiction. Fiction is at present the fashion of literature. Poetry has had its turn, the drama has had its turn, essays have had their turn, and now it is fiction's turn. It is very easy to understand that there may be many people who regard fiction as a poor form of literature, and indeed it is difficult for a sensible person to have patience with one who would deliberately sit down—as so many hundred thousands do—and use up a portion of his or her life in the perusal of an ordinary tale. An essay has some purpose in it; there is some object at the end of it, but a tale—unless the work of genius, and therefore full of purpose as well as full of interest—there is nothing in literature more worthless and petty than—a tale. Nine-tenths of fiction is mere pastime. There is reason in the intolerance of some who say that to read the lives of folks who never lived, to see deeds that never were done, to hear words that never were said, is waste of time. It is only when a master-hand so ranges events that might happen as to extract a clearer meaning out of them than can be got out of actual life, that fiction can command the admiration of the sensible. But fiction that contains no meaning, fiction that is only recreation, even fiction that is mere pastime, is the favourite reading of the day; and, therefore, no popular paper which prints fiction that is not pernicious can be blamed for doing so. That the tales of the *Family Herald* are quite harmless, the most casual reader must admit. Ignorance could make no greater mistake than it does when it says that they resemble those of the *London Journal* in the least. The two things are as distinct as clergymen and saints. There is only one other feature, besides its scraps of jokes and information, in which it even outwardly resembles the journals with which it is ordinarily classed. It gives no plates of patterns, it contains no illustrations, it does not get up raffles and lotteries, and it never inserts advertisements for husbands or wives. But it has a correspondents' page; and a very curious, a very miscellaneous, a very entertaining, a very instructive, and a very sensible page it is. There used to be—and may be now—some doubts cast on the authenticity of all the letters the receipt of which is acknowledged, and the contents of which are commented upon, in this page. Of the genuineness of every scrap of the correspondence mentioned in the cor-

respondents' page of the *Family Herald* we have not the slightest doubt whatever. Sometimes it devotes two pages—or, six columns—of the smallest type to the service of the innumerable persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions, who address it upon pretty nearly every subject under the sun—ay, and over the sun, and even in the sun—from the most abstruse conjectures of theology and the deepest passions of the heart, to trivial questions in grammar and recipes for removing freckles. It seems absurd, at first thought, to imagine persons stirred to the profoundest depths of their being by the most cruel griefs or heartrending doubts, rushing to pens, ink, and paper, and beseeching the advice or sympathy of the editor of a paper and an utter stranger to them; but a regular reader of the correspondents' page of the *Family Herald* can easily understand a many other readers getting to look upon the holder of the pen which every week calms so much distraction, consoles so much pain, and bears with so much folly, as a kind old friend to whom they, in their trouble, can freely turn for comfort and advice. With much that is advanced in this correspondents' page we cordially disagree: we think its goodness sometimes degenerates into goodiness, we deem its piety occasionally over-strained, we demur to some of its arguments, and we disagree with many of its opinions; but we think every sensible and just person must acknowledge its general soundness, its invariable goodness, and the honesty of its purpose. Its compulsory intercourse with a vast amount of silliness and childishness seems to have the effect of tingeing some of its replies—especially its humourous ones—with the same fault of puerility; but it is not a crime, and it is only occasional.

But the part of the *Family Herald* which is most interesting to us is the leading article. This is written in a style and with an ability which could never be expected from the appearance of the little paper. Its leading articles are invariably high-class essays on the most interesting subjects. No small amount of power is shown in the selection of the topics it treats of. How it manages to hit upon so many good subjects is one of the most remarkable and not the least gratifying of its points of excellence. Its topics are, for the most part, abstract themes such as are not regarded by the body of the press, which seizes hold of concrete matters and passing events. Consequently its essays are not so ephemeral as the generality of articles, and its back numbers may be read with pleasure and profit. It is only seldom that it handles contemporary occurrences, and it devotes—especially at present—much of its attention to most interesting criticism of literature, literary men, and literary matters. In this department also we must confess to disagreeing with much that is laid down; but disagreement is, amongst reflective persons, a matter of course; and, besides, one may often learn more from dissent than from concurrence. No doubt there are many people in the world who never can see ability upon any side but the one on which they are themselves; but the opinion of such persons is of little consequence; and others will agree that whatever sentiments are advocated in the leading columns of the *Family Herald* are maintained with power. Its articles would shine in more ambitious journals. Indeed, some of these might well take more than one lesson from their unassuming little contemporary.

There are several snatches of poetry in every number of the *Family Herald;* and concerning this poetry it is worthy of remark that it is all the production of unpaid casual contributors. It will favourably bear comparison with much that passes for poetry and is paid for heavily as such by the magazines. Some of the poet-laureate's five-guinea-a-line versifications would certainly not get anonymous insertion in the same columns. Of course there is nothing very grand or striking about this *Family Herald* poetry; but it is nearly always pleasing, and generally has the merit—which modern bards seem to think a demerit—of being intelligible. There are some poets who do not understand half of their own poems, but leave to those ingenious gentlemen, the critics, the task of discovering meanings that never were intended, and to those gullible personages, their readers, the duty of admiring without understanding and purchasing without appreciating.

We believe we have now given a correct account of the principal contents of the *Family Herald.* The rest of it is filled up with scraps of information, Random Readings, and a little corner-full of means of wasting time by riddles and enigmas, which sensible readers will pass by in the original as quickly as we do here. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think this is a woman's paper, rather than a man's—by which remark we do not mean to disparage it—but there is no man who will find more interesting and instructive reading anywhere than in its leading articles. Those foolish people—of whom there are so many—who declaim against its character, declaim against what they are not competent to judge. So far from being an agent of evil, it is an agent for good. Indeed, it might without impropriety be counted amongst the so-called "religious papers," for its own opinions in religion are brought constantly and prominently before its readers, and religious topics are amongst the most frequent in its correspondents' page. Accusations of indelicacy, or even worldliness and bad taste in matters of morality, are the last that would be brought against it by any critic conversant with what he criticises. The plain fact of the matter is that foolish clergymen, accustomed to have their uncontradicted say in the pulpit, get into a dogmatic way of criticising what they do not understand; and, holding strong views on the subject of the *London Journal,* think they are justified in including in their sweeping condemnation every paper that is placed by newsvendors in juxtaposition to it. And not only are those in error who condemn the moral tone of the *Family Herald,* but those are equally mistaken who imagine it devoid of literary power. Its remarks are quite as able as those of other papers, and are made anent much more interesting subjects; its articles show scholarship, and culture, and extensive reading; it has good taste and judgment; and is a cheap, unostentatious, wholesome little print.

ELECTIONEERING AMENITIES.

CIVILITY does not seem to make much progress at election times, even amid the much-vaunted civilisation of the nineteenth century. A few weeks since we had to record the shocking *laches* of Mr. Robertson Gladstone, who made certain blasphemous allusions regarding his brother, which we shall not repeat. Between Whigs and Tories, or Radicals and Conservatives, there does not appear to be a whit to choose, and on both sides there are the grossest instances of indecency and ill-breeding. Let us take a few specimens. At Beverley, Sir Henry Edwards remarked that "if Mr. Gladstone is not a Roman Catholic and Jesuit, he looks deuced like one." At Wenlock, General Forester asserted that he is "sure Mr. Gladstone is a Roman Catholic." Mr. Ernest Jones, on Monday evening, elegantly remarked that he "was working for trades' unions when Mr. Mitchell Henry was writing prescriptions for lackadaisical ladies in London." To descend to smaller fry. Last week Mr. R. D. Rusden made three accusations. First, Mr. Mitchell Henry was "a gigantic sham," and his candidature was a piece of "vulgar ambition." Secondly, the Liberals were "infested with vermin." Thirdly, Sir E. W. Watkin had been guilty of "political prostitution."

Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.

Very properly, Mr. R. D. Rusden was brought to book for these remarks, and, under pressure, he made a public apology to Sir E. W. Watkin's brother. As Mr. Mitchell Henry treated Mr. Rusden with contemptuous silence, that person has not thought it necessary to make any explanations to Mr. Henry. Another specimen of good breeding and taste has turned up in Mr. Hugh Mason. Speaking of Mr. Disraeli, Mr. H. Mason describes him as "that wicked and insolent statesman—no, not statesman, but that wicked and insolent holder of the office of Head of the Government." Good gracious! Mr. Aspinall Turner on one occasion stigmatized Mr. Hugh Mason as "a wasp." He is said to be ambitious of senatorial honours, and at a public meeting, this week, he said that he should like to woo the future constituency of Mossley. Pleasant for that thriving place certainly, to have the prospect of such a charming lover. One thing, however, is quite clear, that Mr. Hugh Mason has yet to be taught the use of parliamentary language.

T'LITTLE BRID.

A CHAT BY THE WAY.

Let th' bantlin' sup?—Aye, eigh, for sure,
An' that for sure I will;
Here, feel at this, young rosy face,
An' see an' ta' thy fill.

An' Missis, come your ways to th' nook,
An' clap your body deawn;
It's but a 'onely bit o' road
From here to Rachda' teawn.

You're reet if once yo getten theer?
Well—come—that's noan so bad;
A pleasant thowt 'll shorten th' road.
Heaw owd's this little lad?

I tell o' what, this nestle-cock
'S a wick un, I con see;
Nay, let him bide, he connot frame
A mite too roough for me.

I wish eawr Mally had bin in,
Hoo's gone as far as th' well;
An' should no' be so lung away;
Hoo went o' by hersel'.

Hood stir thoose bits o' pins o' hers,
I'll warrant, if hoo knowed;
I'd bet a farthin' cake hoo's leet
O' summut upo' th' road.

I tell 'o what, these little uns,
For aw their teeny ways,
They grewn a comfort to owd folk
I'th' winter o' their days.

Heaw mitch is th' milk? Nay, nay, for sure,
That winnot fit, choose heaw;
Chargin' for that at costs us naught—
Yo seen we keep a keaw.

An' so he're two i' August last,
Same day as Peterloo;
That's just meet th' age o' one we had,
Eawr Jo wur turn't o' two:

An' th' fust an' th' last we ever had,
He pike't off in a fit;
I think *hoo* goes to th' well sometimes,
For t'have it eawt a bit.

If me or her has mist him th' moost,
I'm sure I connot say;
I know it seems as fresh to me
As if 'twere yesterday.

He wur a bonny little chap,
Wi' hure o' curlin' gowd;
An' ne'er wur still—until one day,
We laid him still an' cowd.

We'd peace an' quietness after that—
Too much just neaw and then;
It's fourteen year sin, past an' gone,
Come t' shortest day again.

We took him off oth' twenty fourt'
To Rachda church away;
An' Mally said hoo're fain he'd be
I' heaven o' Kesmus day.

But I kept tryin' t' shape him theere,
Below his coffin lid—
What! so you're off.—Well, fare yo weel;
God bless thee, little brid!

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S OPENING CONCERTS.

AT the first concert of the season Mr. Hallé always appears to us like a musical magician, who, with one flourish of his wand, throws open the gates of the fairy land of sound. If we followed our inclination we should rush headlong in, and totter about, and yield ourselves up to the intoxicating pleasures. But, faithful to our promise to be stern sentinels, we shoulder our pen and mentally walk up and down, noticing the shortcomings from which even fairy land is not exempt. In the proportion of instruments we sometimes feel a preponderance of wind instruments, concealing or obscuring the main thought of the composer. The fancies of the writer should float lightly on the surface of the music, so that we may follow them with our attention from beginning to end. But the wind instruments sometimes raise a storm in which we lose sight of the little white sails. The fault lies more particularly with the brass instruments. The gentlemen who are entrusted with them should remember that the walls of Jericho were once shaken by a few trumpets. To mention the ill-arranged succession of pieces in the programme is hardly an original objection, for it has always been the first topic with every severe amateur with whom we have conversed about these concerts. Mr. Hallé adopts the fatal "Eight-hours-at-the-seaside" principle in his excursions to fairy land. Instead of quiet enjoyment and contemplation, we are treated to a species of musical sight-seeing. We are hurried from Mendelssohn to Donizetti, and from Beethoven all the way back to Rossini. Let the time devoted to the two last pieces be divided into intervals to separate literally composers who in their own world are so very wide apart.

The principal work given at the first concert was Beethoven's Grand Symphony in C minor. It was played with vigour and true feeling, and completely satisfied us, with the exception of a slight unsteadiness in the andante, which detracted from the balmy, soothing nature of the movement. Of course criticism does not attempt to weigh and measure this symphony. It may be a theme for the word-painter who wants a canvas, but no purpose can be served by coldly dissecting it and enumerating its technical merits. Even a verbal description of it would probably be as inadequate as a botanical treatise would be useless in reproducing the impression made by a landscape. A man sees in music what, as Carlyle says, he brings with him,—the power of seeing. The inexhaustible charm of it lies in its capacity for varied interpretation. Beethoven will always remain a great mystical writer, to whom a hundred different meanings may be attributed, all of them equally true to different people. The vocalists at the first concert were Signor and Mdme. Bettini. Mdme. Bettini has already exhausted our store of superlatives, and, if Signor Bettini's voice is wanting in compass, he has at all events the true tenor ring. We left after Mr. Hallé's delightful rendering of Chopin, feeling that we had a sufficient number of musical sensations to carry away with us, but we suppose that Signor Bettini sang his solo "with his usual, &c., &c.," and that the orchestra played Auber's overture "with its accustomed &c., &c."

The second concert consisted of Costa's *Eli*. In this oratorio Mr. Costa shows great knowledge of the resources of an orchestra, and one or two of the choruses are fine. But the universal feeling which it inspired, both in the audience and the performers, was a feeling of *ennui*. It is a monotonous expanse of music, containing only a very few elevations. The most striking peaks are the slumber music and the riotous march of the Israelites. It was wise to give this oratorio at the beginning of the season, as it would have had no chance at all at the end. The consequences of holding only one rehearsal are occasionally

felt in a want of proper understanding between the band and the chorus on the subject of time. And we do strongly protest against that Scriptural instrument called Cymbal. In modern ages that particular effect is produced by dog-collars. The solo singing was excellent, but the recitative singing was atrocious. Mr. Sims Reeves is the only artist who, in a recitative, knows how to express the sense of the words through the music. As a rule, singers chant the recitative with a kind of maudlin, lazy piety, as if there were a coolness between them and the Almighty. About the middle of the second part of the oratorio several people fell asleep in their stalls, only being disturbed now and then by the sudden jerks of the violins. Towards the end, when the organ played, these people mechanically clutched their hats and mantles, and walked out very quietly. Connecting the fact of the organ with their previous slumbers, and the dismal drawl of the recitatives, we should not be at all surprised if many of them were under the impression that they had been in church, and were leaving just before the collection.

The third concert, that of last Thursday, was spirited from beginning to end. We have never heard finer effect given to Beethoven's *Leonora* overture. Beethoven is the horizon of music. In whatever direction you advance, Beethoven is always the farthest from you, and with every step you take his music widens and reveals unimagined beauties. An indifferent performance of Beethoven flatters you with the idea that you comprehend him, but a fine one soon dispels it by extending the perspective beyond the power of your eyes. Beethoven once said, "The best performance I hear of my works falls short of what I hear within me." That celebrated difficulty—the violin passage at the end of the overture—was exceedingly well done, but we think that the *crescendo* should be rendered without the gradual entrance of additional instruments being marked. The final *forte* of the entire orchestra was magnificent. Charles Hallé gave the reins to the performers without letting them forget that the ends were held by a firm hand. The manner in which the overture was played whetted our appetites for the Reformation Symphony. This work is not so lucid as the majority of Mendelssohn's great pieces, and no doubt it was the sense of this which deterred him from publishing it during his life time. But we prefer Mendelssohn's imperfections to the frigid faultlessness of many other composers. This symphony is full of beautiful instrumental effects. The trombones break in with wonderful force after the somewhat mystic opening, like Luther throwing a defiant flash of intellectual light into the superstitions of the middle ages; a light which, at the same time, dispels the darkness and gives promise of a future glory. In the *scherzo* a lovely landscape is spread out before us as soon as the clouds have opened to let the sun in. And in the *allegro* we feel ourselves torn along by the violins in the rapturous haste of victory.

We hardly like to use everyday words to describe Mr. Hallé's performance of two movements from Weber's Concert in C major. It is beautiful, bright music, and Mr. Hallé seemed to splash humour from his finger tips, and the orchestra caught fire and accompanied him worthily. We must, in passing, acknowledge our appreciation of Mr. Lavigne's oboe playing.

Mr. Hallé also played a fugue of Mendelssohn's. There is always a certain grimness about fugues which only a performer like Mr. Hallé can soften. Like epic poems, fugues are formed upon given rules, and the consciousness of these rules is apt to trammel the fancy of the composer. But Mr. Hallé plays with such refined poetical feeling that only a thoroughly educated musician would know that he was playing a fugue at all.

Neither space nor inclination will allow us to say very much about Mdme. Sinico. Her voice has pleasing qualities, but in music one does not always want to be merely pleased. She seldom puts the right emphasis upon her musical phrases, because she always puts the same. She sings like a person reading aloud, who does not gather from the sentence he is reading the necessary inflection for the sentence to come, but goes on always in the same key. Music must be thought as well as sung, but Mdme. Sinico only sings it.

MR. MURPHY IN THE PULPIT.

ATTRACTED by an advertisement intimating that Mr. Murphy would preach at a certain place, on a certain Sunday evening, we ventured on a voyage of discovery. We found the so-called Assembly-room at the bottom of a narrow street branching off Stretford Road, and in happy proximity to the Roman Catholic chapel. The approach to the room is along a dreary, ill-lighted entry. At one end of the room itself is a platform; forms are placed in about a third of the room, whilst the rest is used for standing. We were a little puzzled to account for the presence of a big drum, till we were told that the room was used as a dancing saloon. Suspended on the walls are notices respecting the proper disposal of hats and coats. The letters V. R., on a black ground, and a highly elaborated crown, arranged over the platform, completed the adornments of the room. We arrived soon after six, at which time the service was advertised to begin. The room was about half full, and there were no signs of Mr. Murphy. During the next twenty minutes the numbers were so largely increased as to make the fact that a single small door, in an inaccessible corner of the room, was the only means of exit, rather alarming. A considerable percentage of the audience were females. Why women should come at all, is strange; and why a band of young women should occupy a prominent position on the platform, is still stranger. This presence was made as notable as possible, by constant repetitions of appeals from chivalric gentlemen (seated) on the platform to their ungallant brothers below, who respectfully, but firmly, declined to give place to the ladies. Of the men present, very many were rough; and the display of violent-coloured comforters, loosely knotted round their necks, was startling.

The service opened with prayer, from a gentleman whose accent suggested that he might be either Dutch, German, or Irish. Then followed a hymn with a chorus. The leader, a thin gentleman with a scarcity of teeth and a cracked voice, evidently attached much importance to this chorus. He repeated it again and again, and finally abandoned it under protest. Then we had an address from one who apparently occupied the post of chairman. The chief position advanced by him was that his friend Mr. Murphy bore a striking resemblance in character, abilities, achievements, and virtues, to St. Paul. His manner of getting at this conclusion would have delighted Archbishop Whately and all believers in the syllogism. The argument, so far as we followed it, was that Mr. Murphy had been before a magistrate, so had St. Paul, therefore the close resemblance. After him, a white-haired gentleman assured the audience that he was an ardent Liberal, yet he wanted to heal the "owl sore;" for that purpose politics were quite inadequate; what was wanted, in his opinion, was "blud." Mr. Murphy followed. During these harangues he had been seated with forefinger to forehead, and had assumed other fine attitudes. Amidst a simmer of excitement, he commenced an address to his "friends and enemies." Mr. Murphy is a man of middle height, with no forehead to speak of, hair hanging far down his back, and a thick voice seemingly made thicker by over exertion. He does not speak, nor even shout, he roars and bellows. Throwing back his head, gazing at the ceiling, and frantically waving his hair, of which he is evidently very proud, he belches out alternately streams of rabid nonsense and gross indecency. How the white-haired man and he agree we cannot understand, for his address, so far as we heard it, was little but politics. He commenced by setting himself right with the public, for it appeared from Mr. Murphy's statements that there was a matter about which the public was very much excited. One miscreant, who had not signed his name, had gone so far as to write a letter to Mr. Murphy, asserting that he had retired from his candidature in consideration of a bribe of one thousand pounds from Messrs. Hoare and Birley. Mr. Murphy hurled out a denial to this, and grew quite black in the face with challenging any man on the subject. Much time was spent in a hot discussion with one of the

audience on the important theological question whether John Bright did or did not charge five shillings to hear an address. It kept us on the rack of anxiety lest Mr. Murphy should break a blood-vessel, or rather a series of blood-vessels, with hoarse denunciations of his political enemies. And thus through the whole of what we heard. When he was not talking sheer trash of the wildest character, he was revelling in the utterance and suggestion of filthy immoralities. Of preaching in the ordinary sense we heard not a single syllable. True, he read verses from the Revelations; but why he did so except to excite a snigger by the announcement that "he would make revelations for us before he had done," and to drag in and emphasise as many unpleasantly suggestive words as possible, it seems hard to say. After bawling himself hoarser than ever, he sat down, and we had another hymn; then Mr. Murphy rose again. At this point we left, just as the speaker was drawing attention to some extracts from a book prepared by a Roman Catholic canon for the young.

Some of the audience regarded the service as a secular one, and kept up a chorus of "hear, hear;" most of the others seem to have been attracted by considerations even less reputable. The simper and suppressed giggle at every hint of indecency were simply detestable. That interruptions and disturbances were not frequent and vehement cannot be blamed on Mr. Murphy. He did his utmost to rouse them. Probably those whom he delights to insult have learnt that opposition and disturbance are the food on which he thrives. Nothing in all the rambling rubbish we heard gave the smallest evidence of intellect or ability.

AN EVENING WITH THE AMATEUR GYMNASTS.

TWO events of interest in the gymnastic world have lately taken place—the annual assault-at-arms of the club in connection with the Mechanics' Institution, and the opening of the new Athenæum Gymnasium. The great fame the Mechanics' Club and certain of its members have acquired for the fearful and wonderful nature of their pure gymnastic feats, induced us to pay it a visit on its reception night. The evening's entertainment consisted of exercises on the various gymnastic apparatus, of boxing, fencing, singlestick, and the working of Indian clubs and dumb-bells, with fencing drill. It was witnessed by a crowded and respectable house, who bore the crush, the heat, and the stuffiness for which the lecture hall of the Mechanics' Institution is proverbial, with great good-nature, and cheered till the perspiration streamed down again. After the few introductory remarks of the chairman, Mr. Harry Rawson, chiefly remarkable for exultation over the coup-de-grace given to prize-fighting, now, he said, consigned to the limbo whither bull-baiting and such like brutal sports were long ago sent, the performance and the performers were soon in full swing. We thought that after the last assault the force of gymnastics could no further go, but further this year they did go.

Gymnastic tricks are of four kinds—"strength," "swinging," "shooting," and "balancing," and alone or combined, simple or complex, there they were to be seen in such perfection as they have never attained before. Messrs. Marmon, E. Renshaw, and Henry eclipsed themselves. All kinds of twists and dislocations were done on the rings—the arms seeming capable of turning round indefinitely, and either way indifferently; all kinds of "shoots," backwards and forwards; all kinds of "lifts," with one hand or both; all kinds of "balances" on the hands, with the body straight up in the air; all kinds of "horizontals," with the body extended stiffly out; all kinds of turns, swings, and circlings were accomplished with the ease and precision that years of practice alone can give. It was the same on the other apparatus. The best gymnasts of other clubs could only look on with amazement. But if perfection was to be admired, there was also to be deplored that which will surely be the ruin, and which is certainly now the disgrace of gymnastics. There was the wildest and most uncalled-for "sensationalism" that endangers life and limb. Nothing could be done unless it were finished up with a grand summersault of some sort. The hearts of the audience were set leaping and palpitating at the daring tempting of Providence that repeatedly took place. It was only by the greatest good-fortune that no accidents happened. And to the shame of a Manchester audience every fresh attempt of the kind, however poor and clumsy, was outrageously applauded; while the really admirable and unparallelled feats of muscular strength passed off unnoticed. The chairman himself not only did not interfere, but looked on with approval; nay, characterized gymnastics as "a noble, a worthy, and a manly pursuit." Some boy threw off from the rings with a swing into the air, and, turning heels overhead, came down—once all but into an astonished lady's lap—on his feet as it happened, and Mr. Rawson beheld and called it noble! A reckless youth swung round and round a bar, centrifugally, at a dizzy speed, only holding by the joints of his fingers, and Mr. Rawson called it worthy! Underaized lads aped—and very badly—the sensational acrobatism of the music-halls, and he called it manly! He had previously rejoiced that the deathblow had been given to bull-baiting and prize-fighting. These were but the results of brute and animal instincts. There was something natural about a battle between beasts or men, even when they were merely hired to make an English holiday. There was in them an exhibition of pluck and endurance, however degrading and revolting. But these mad, sensational, break-neck tricks, as they are technically and aptly called, are unnatural and more inexcusable than even prize-fighting and music-hall performances. The wretched men and women who take part in the latter have the excuse that they must make a living for themselves and their families, whatever it may cost; but the Manchester amateurs have nothing to plead in excuse. Cannot the directors, who are supposed to superintend the various institutions with which these clubs are connected, see whether such insanity cannot somehow be checked before they are compelled to do so?

In contrast with the chairman's fine opening remarks against prize-fighting, was the round or two between two heavy weights in the first part of the programme. Had there been anyone there who knew anything of boxing it would have been at once stopped. The style was atrociously bad, the science at a minimum, and the hitting wild and foul. Blows were freely given with the inside of the hand, and one or two black eyes were the result. And yet the cheering and the calls of encore were so loud and long that the chairman had to rise and say that the length of the programme precluded encores, but there would be more boxing in the second part. The faintest echo of a formal cheer was all that rewarded Mr. S. Crowley's exquisite and graceful displays of form and style in fencing and singlestick. This told a tale and betrayed what the spectators had come to see.

We cannot congratulate the Mechanics' Institute Club on their general skill or style in exercising with light Indian clubs and dumb-bells, or wielding heavy ones. It was, indeed, as the chairman in another sense termed it, an exhibition. Mr. Marmon displayed an extraordinary amount of strength for so small a man—but nothing more. Mr. Inglis has sadly fallen off; and the manner in which he appeared to do his utmost to strain himself or burst a blood-vessel while jerking up enormous weights, was painful to witness. The house, however, cheered as wildly as ever at his endeavours. Extreme violence was the characteristic of the sabre *v.* bayonet bout between Mr. Law and him. The second round of boxing, which might be termed an assault at arms' length, showed a glimmering of science, but did not bring down the house to the extent that the glove-fight of Messrs. Marmon and Inglis did last year. The fencing drill *à la militaire*, conducted by the instructor to the Club, is a step in the right direction. It shows what clubs should aim at. The stand-jumps of Mr. Law were very great, but

we should like to see them done over a stick, instead of a string, and to hear the highest height cleared, not the highest attempted, given out. The versatility and general excellence of Marmon, again winner of the Mackie gold challenge medal, is as much to be praised as his morbid ambition for dangerous and gratuitous displays is to be condemned.

The Athenæum Gymnastic Club opened their season in the new gymnasium—lately the library. It looks spacious, is well fitted up, and more like what a gymnasium ought to be than the miserable dark burrow in which exercise formerly went on. On practice nights, here and elsewhere, one of the worst results of festivals and assaults comes to light. Not only do the "cracks" venture to the very verge of the daring, but neophytes are induced to follow the example of the masters of the craft. They show themselves the most ridiculously awkward of awkward squads. They come down on their backs and heads any how and every how. Sprains, strains, and contusions, with lingering pains, to which those of rheumatism are as nothing, attend them. The advantages they reap if, undeterred by accidents, they, after many months of wearing labour, struggle into the first ranks, are not such as sensible men would think worth the risk and time. At tricks illustrative of involution, evolution, and convolution, such as make beholders imagine that every organ in their trunk has been upset, and a mess made of their interior generally, they are *au fait*. They can wield blocks of timber with handles compared to which paviors' rammers are as trifles, and, perhaps, lift incredible weights. But what is the good of it all? Their appearance, as a rule—at least it was so at the Mechanics' Institute Assault—speaks little for the health-bestowing properties of their pursuit. They look bulky about the shoulders—all upper part, like a tadpole—stiff, ungainly, unpleasing to the artist's eye, pale-faced, and boyish. What else can be expected in those who take early in life to a practice which unduly develops one part of the body at the expense of another, impoverishes the blood, excessively increases the action of the heart, irregularizes the circulation, interferes with the various processes of the body, and in time effectually weakens the vital stimulus? The retired private heroes are singularly reticent on the glories and benefits of gymnastics; and such scientific teachers as Mr. Maclaren, of Oxford, who fully understand the great influence of gymnastics for good when rightly applied, decisively banish from their gymnasia everything that approaches the sensational.

But when experience vainly cries out to the gymnast, our voice can be of little avail. Mr. Hanning's awful disaster in the Free Trade Hall a few years back will be long remembered, as will Mr. Marmon's equally fearful one at Huddersfield lately. This latter gymnast has come to grief as often and as seriously as a gentleman jockey. But there is hardly an amateur of any standing who has not suffered as much as either of the above-mentioned pair. The cause of this mania is two-fold. There is first and foremost the wild desire to add medal to medal, and prize to prize, and this vanity has been fostered by the great multiplication of festivals of late. And secondly, there is the equally inordinate ambition of the gymnasts to display their skill and their medals at all the festivals and assaults-at-arms they can. People who would rather die than enter a theatre, go into raptures about paltry amateur performances and performers; and applaud to the skies the ungraceful and disgraceful imitations, given by their young friends, of music-hall acrobatism, while a chairman is provided, who beams upon the hazardous and useless performance, and calls it "a noble, a worthy, and a manly pursuit!"

A Manchester Characteristic.—Character is tick.

Our Correspondence Columns.—Pillar letter-boxes.

THE GENERAL ELECTION RACES.

FINAL NOTES.

THIS being the last opportunity we shall have of commenting on these sports, we avail ourselves of it to make a few final observations. Prime Minister made his first appearance this season at the Guildhall, and was looking well and playful as usual. In this neighbourhood nothing new has occurred, beyond the scratching of the Radical horses for East Cheshire and Pot8os for the Manchester Cup. The Old Harry Colt still continues to do very severe work, and his party are very confident. His opponents are equally so, but Turveydrop has had a relapse again, and has never got over the gruelling he got in the Promotion Trial Stakes. As usual on the eve of a great race, there have been several attempts to get at the favourites. One Fussyden, a notorious nobbler, attempted to do for both the Old Harry Colt and Sir Railroad, the Stockport favourite, but he was caught in the act, and had it taken out of him smartly. The Banker and Mackintosh continue to do steady work, and the latter has been heavily backed for a place. Jacobite is still first favourite, and is nearly certain to be one of the first three.

The Salford Cup race has increased in interest, and the Engineer has advanced in favour, but Stockbroker is still freely backed against him. The new river course is considered to be in the Engineer's favour. The Stalybridge Infant still shows signs of his recent illness, but what with padding, hair dyes, and other decorations, he contrives to pass muster very fairly. The Infant's supporters say that he cannot lose, although his illness has rather interfered with his preparation.

South-West Lancashire Derby.—Demosthenes has not been out this week, but Old Merseydocks and Crucifix have been doing strong work. The latter is a fast horse, and seems to like having a dig into his opponent's ribs whenever he has a chance. Old Merseydocks is very slow in his paces, and he and Lord Sefton's horse Greenfields are well matched.

South-East Lancashire Stakes.—The four candidates for this event continue to take daily gallops. Worsley goes very well, but his companion Snowdrop does not make much progress. He labours very much, and requires no end of spurring and other stimulants. He does his best, however, but that is not much. In such a contest as this he is quite out of his element, and he is of no use to Worsley, who would have run quite as well by himself. It is said that Snowdrop is running merely because his owner thought he had quite as much right to go up to St. Stephens as his brother the Old Harry Colt. Snowdrop has not one single qualification for racing except that there is plenty of money behind him.

Bury Cup.—There will be a severe contest for this race. Chelsea Buns is working hard; but his opponent, Bury Bob, has the advantage of knowing the course thoroughly, and his supporters are very confident. Party feeling runs very high in Bury, and the money is put down to some purpose. In former contests a good deal of corruption always existed, and old sores are scarcely healed yet. The contests which Red Tape used to have with Bob over this course were about the severest in Lancashire. Dirt is freely thrown about on both sides, and a good deal of it sticks. Both horses seem to be able to get through the mud pretty well, and the roughs and mudlarks are having a good time of it.

Miscellaneous Notes.—Pale Ale has been withdrawn from Stafford, and is entered for the county. The Mayor, from Salford, is now expected to win easily. At Ashton-under-Lyne, Tom the Yachtsman is to be opposed by a native-bred horse; but we should think the latter has but a poor chance against Tom, who is as playful as he was ten or twenty years since, when he used to run on the Manchester course. At Blackburn there has been some rough work going on, and the horses have to be protected by the military. The contest will be very severe.

A LITERARY CRITIC ON MR. BRIGHT.

A selection from Mr. John Bright's speeches has lately been published in two volumes. All the leading journals and reviews have said their say about these orations, and some of the articles have been remarkable for power and ability. But they have dealt almost exclusively with the political opinions of the speaker. An essay of a different cast has appeared in the Church paper, the *Guardian*. It criticises the literary, rather than the political characteristics of the speeches, and, as the remarks have in this respect a somewhat exceptional interest, we quote a few of the principal passages. After speaking of Mr. Bright's illness, the writer continues :—

It has often been observed that since his recovery his eloquence, if it has not soared on a higher wing, has been more glowing, more various, more rich in copious and appropriate illustration. As an explanation of this circumstance, it has been suggested that during the time of his convalescence he devoted himself to literature, grave and gay; and that consequently when his health was restored he found himself with new resources at his disposal, which he knew full well how to employ in giving fresh effect to his great natural powers. Without prying into the secrets of Mr. Bright's private life, we may see what light is cast on this supposition by such of his speeches as are contained in the volumes before us. His Parliamentary life began in 1843; while the earliest speeches which Mr. Rogers has edited belong to the year 1845. In 1845, and for some years afterwards, his style of speaking was clear, trenchant, and, of course, occasionally violent; but he had not attained that full, abounding power of expression which is like an abiding passion, and continues to stir in the written word when the voice of the speaker has long been silent. The power, nevertheless, was acquired by Mr. Bright before his serious attack of illness. He had learned in 1855 to make a wise use of the stores of literature; to compare, for instance, the suffering of our soldiers in a Crimean winter to the tortures described in the *Inferno* of Dante. Still, there seems to be real indications that Mr. Bright, during the time of his gradual recovery, devoted himself to literary study. We find him, in 1858, and afterwards, referring to a variety of authors, and especially to poets, with a freedom which is only given by familiar acquaintance. His latter style has often an easy and graceful flow, such as is seldom gained by writers or speakers who have not tried to profit by the best models.

The writer quotes a passage from a speech in which Mr. Bright obtains a simile from Herodotus, "the most ancient of profane historians," and then proceeds:

Herodotus is not a writer to whom Mr. Bright often alludes; his references to Dante and the Bible are much more frequent. Milton is also a favourite author with Mr. Bright—perhaps his most special and habitual companion out of the whole list of poets. The great orator, though not consistently a stern man, seems attracted by writers in whom a condensed sternness is a conspicuous element. He has apparently less acquaintance with Shakspere, or less affection for him. He does not often refer to our lighter literature, and he is not peculiarly happy in his use of it. Such is the picture of Mr. Bright which naturally emerges from the volumes before us. He is a man, if not of one idea, at least not of many ideas; little disposed to deep thought; deficient in philosophical insight; readily allowing his opinions to assume a traditional form; and scarcely aiming at any considerable breadth of view. In his moral nature he is hearty, earnest, and affectionate; but he is also far too apt to be prejudiced and angry, and to employ his anger as a weapon in attacking positions which he would find it more difficult to assail by argument. He has taken much pains in cultivating his mind; and yet his mental cultivation is in a certain sense superficial. He can appreciate Milton and Dante without being himself either Dantesque or Miltonic; the great authors whom he has studied have not struck their roots down into the depths of his being. He has apparently read them with a wish to use them for purposes of illustration, rather than to sympathise with their profoundest meaning. He has himself observed of some men of great intellect, that they have lost much by fighting with party, and for party, and for the gains which party gives: like the captive Samson of old—

> They grind in brazen fetters, under task,
> With their Heaven-gifted strength—

and the country and the world gain little by those faculties which God has given them for the blessing of the country and the world. Of Mr. Bright it may be said, that if party has not blinded him, considerations of class have fettered him, and experience has not largely increased the range of his political vision. His oratory is really grand, but it has a grandeur of manner above its matter; in the judgment of thoughtful men, it suffers from a deficiency of *motive*. If his aims, honest as they undoubtedly are, had a sweep as broad and grand as that of his words, he would be an astonishing man indeed.

COLERIDGE, NOT PORSON.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.)

Sir,—Your correspondent, "Porson," is altogether wrong in supposing that the lines you quoted in the article on All Saints' Church are not to be found in Coleridge. If he will refer to Moxon's complete edition, page 192, he will find a poem entitled "The Devil's Thoughts," which, by the way, though for some reason left out of other editions, is by no means obscure, and is generally known as Coleridge's. It originally appeared in the *Morning Post*, and made such a sensation that several hundred sheets extra were sold, the paper being in request for several weeks afterwards. This fact is mentioned in the preface to the complete edition. The lines too are misquoted by your correspondent. They run as follows :—

> He saw an apothecary on a white horse
> Ride by on his vocations:
> And the Devil thought of his old friend
> Death in the Revelations.
> He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
> A cottage of gentility;
> And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
> Is the pride that apes humility.

I don't know where your correspondent has got the anecdote relating to Porson, and he gives no authority for it, but I am convinced that if this poem, or the idea of it, had been stolen by Coleridge, we should have heard of it before now. De Quincey was sharp to note any plagiarisms on the part of Coleridge, and has pointed out a few. But he makes no mention of this.—Yours,

Manchester, Nov. 9. M. J.

A bachelor, according to the latest definition, is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

PHRASES FROM WORDSWORTH

IN POPULAR USE.

IT is worthy of note that more solid phrases of Wordsworth's coinage have passed into current use than from any other poet but Shakespere. It is true, in addition, that he set patterns of expression, and whispered to studious and sensitive minds some of the unapprehended secrets of language. How many readers of *Pendennis* can lay their fingers upon two little *glints* of Wordsworth—verbal, exact as they are—which it contains? How many know that Mr. Thackeray's famous definition of a snob—one who admires mean things meanly—is founded upon a verse in *Ruth*? How many readers of *Silas Marner* can find in Wordsworth the motto chosen by the author? How many could, off-hand, find him in Mr. Dickens's *Christmas Carol*? The fact is, that while the general public are neglecting to read a great man, his peers and his admirers are constantly reproducing him. By-and-by the quoted "jewels five words long" become so familiar (like this very expression) that the inverted commas are omitted. Then they are parodied or half-parodied. And what is the next stage? Why, somebody who sees the half-parody perceives at a glance that this new turn of language may be used as a pattern—and he proceeds so to use it. In this way our resources of expression are enriched; not by addition to the vocabulary, but by new combinations of old material. Let us take only a very few of the Wordsworthian phrases which are constantly used with or without quotation marks. Thus :—"Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind"—"'Tis said that some have died for love"—"feel the touch of earthly years"—"an instinct, call it; a blind sense"—"an unassuming commonplace of nature"—"a prodigal's favourite [and then] a miser's pensioner"—"strenuous idleness" (the original of "masterly inactivity")—"serious faith, and inward glee"—"the kindred points of Heaven and Home"—"a pagan, suckled in a creed outworn"—"we feel that we are greater than we know"—"we have a vision of our own," &c.—"unimagined beauty"—"the unconquerable strength of love"—"the still, sad music of humanity"—"lady of the Mere, sole-sitting by the shores of old romance"—"a heart that watches and receives"—"little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love"—"the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world"—"years, that bring the philosophic mind." And so we might go on for ever. Some of these little bits are constantly used without inverted commas—the three last, for example. Turning to *the* Ode, we count at a glance four-and-twenty splendours of expression which have become commonplaces of quotation. As to such possages, indeed—the glories in this man's immortal crown—and as to little touches of descriptive phraseology applied to nature, if some recent poets were stripped of all they have "conveyed" and put on out of Wordsworth, they might not indeed be ashamed, but the world would see that they were naked.

OUR GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Mr. F. W. Walker, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Mr. G. E. Thorley, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College, in the same University, have been appointed Examiners in the Final Classical Schools, *i.e.*, examination for classical honours. The former is the present High Master of our Grammar School, the latter one of its most distinguished pupils.

DR. PANKHURST AND THE JUDGES.

THE appeal of the women to be allowed to vote at elections was heard before the Judges of Appeal, in the Court of Common Pleas, on Saturday last, and judgment was given against them on Monday. Their advocate was Mr. Coleridge, Q.C. Mr. Coleridge, of course, was logical, argumentative, historical, and almost eloquent, but he was not convincing. It is well known that a certain class of beings rush in where angels fear to tread. Once beaten, and beaten, too, upon all points, Mr. Coleridge wisely retired from the fray; but his junior, Dr. Pankhurst, with his customary fatuous inability to comprehend the fitness of things, persisted in boring the judges, and this singular scene ensued:—

The case was that of Chorlton *v.* the Overseers of Rusholme. Dr. Pankhurst said he appeared for the appellant, as Mr. Coleridge, his leader, declined to argue it.

The Chief Justice.—The rule is that one counsel only is heard.

Dr. Pankhurst.—This is a very important case. It is that a person, being a freeholder, is entitled to vote for a knight of the shire. The case was reserved by Charles W. Lewis, Esq., the revising barrister, at a court held in Rusholme, in Lancashire.

Mr. Justice Willes.—Is this a woman's case.

Dr. Pankhurst.—It is.

Mr. Justice Willes.—There is another principle which guides all courts that it is not allowable to resist an established principle of law. What is the distinction between this case and the last? We have established it as a principle of law that a woman cannot vote.

Dr. Pankhurst.—It is a very important case, and the details are different. In this case the claimant is a freeholder.

Mr. Justice Willes.—It is a waste of public time, and the case cannot be argued again.

Mr. Justice Byles.—We have solemnly decided that every woman is personally incapable.

Mr. Justice Willes.—We cannot go back on our judgment.

Dr. Pankhurst.—It is unfortunate. There is so much to urge.

The Chief Justice.—You say it is unfortunate that we have not heard your argument. You were the junior in the last case, and I assume that you stated to your leader everything that was worth attending to.

Mr. Coleridge said he had not urged some points that his friend might think had something in them, and he should be glad if the Court heard him.

The Chief Justice.—It was because you dealt so fully with the county franchise as an argument that the Court decided the point as to legal incapacity. If there was any distinction to be made between this case and the last, the Court were ready to hear it. What is the distinction you propose to make?

Dr. Pankhurst.—That women are entitled to vote by the common law as freeholders.

Mr. Justice Keating.—Has not that been decided? We have decided that they are incompetent to vote.

The Chief Justice.—Do you expect to convince us that we are wrong, and that we ought to alter our judgment just given?

Dr. Pankhurst.—Your judgment is inchoate, and might be altered during the Term. (Loud laughter.) This is not a point of common law, but of constitutional law.

The Chief Justice.—Are you going to argue that in ancient times women were not precluded from voting?

Dr. Pankhurst.—Precisely.

The Chief Justice.—Then that is precisely the question we have already decided, and we will not hear that matter again discussed.

Dr. Pankhurst.—It is so great a subject. It involves so vast a mass of materials that it is impossible to have them all from the mouth of one man. (Continued laughter.)

The Chief Justice.—This case is governed by our decision in the last, and this appeal is dismissed.

BEETHOVEN.

THE *Grazer Tagespost* contains a letter addressed by the composer, Anselm Hüttenbrenner, to the United States consul, A. W. Thayer, in Vienna, on Beethoven's last moments, so differently related by the different biographers. The following form the principal portions of this most interesting epistle:—

When on the 26th of March, 1827, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I entered Beethoven's bedroom, I found there Hofrath Brenning, his son, and Mrs. van Beethoven, the wife of Johann van Beethoven, landed proprietor and apothecary, of Linz, and besides, my friend, the portrait painter, Joseph Teltscher. I believe that Professor Schindler was also present. These gentlemen, after a while, left the composer in his death struggle, and had little hopes of finding him yet alive on their return. During the last moments of Beethoven there was no one in the room except Mrs. van Beethoven and myself. After Beethoven had lain from three o'clock in the afternoon, when I came, breathing hard in his agonies, yet without consciousness, till about five, a flash of lightning, accompanied by a violent clap of thunder, came down and lighted up the death chamber (there lay snow in front of Beethoven's house) with a dazzling glare. After this unexpected phenomenon, Beethoven opened his eyes, lifted up his right hand, and for several seconds looked upwards, his fist clenched and with a very serious, threatening countenance, as if he meant to say, "I defy you, you hostile powers! Avaunt, God is with me!" when his raised hand fell back upon his bed, his eyes half closed. My right hand lay under his head, my left rested on his chest. No more breath, no more motion of the heart! It is not true that I had asked Beethoven to take the dying sacraments, but I did, at the request of the wife of the late musical publisher, Thomas Haslinger, cause Beethoven to be asked in the most delicate manner by Jenger and the landed proprietress, Mrs. van Beethoven, to fortify himself by the taking of the Lord's supper. That Beethoven said to me (who was not even present on March 24, 1827, in the forenoon, when he took the Viaticum) the words, "Plaudite, amici, comœdia finita est,' is pure invention. Nor did Beethoven, I am sure, make use of such an expression, so utterly contrary to his straightforward character, to anyone else. On the other hand, neither did Mrs. van Beethoven relate to me on the dying day of her brother-in-law, that, after he had taken the Viaticum, he had said to the priest, "I thank your reverence, you have brought me comfort."

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